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MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1910.

Passing of Thomas Collier Platt.

A dominant figure in American politics for years, a man who in the heyday of his power held the Republican vote of the great Empire State in the hollow of his hand, figuratively speaking, Thomas Collier Platt lived long enough to become a political reminiscence—a mere reminiscence of times happily now gone.

His passing recalls an interesting and picturesque career, identified prominently with the history of the last three decades, but otherwise is uneventful. It creates no vacuum, precipitates no strife for partisan leadership, removes no factor in State or national affairs, but simply means the calling hence of the tottering remnant of a once powerful man, whose mission ended when his country came upon better days.

Tears will be shed for the "Easy Boss," no doubt. He was not devoid of qualities that make for friendship and affection. There was more than the practical politician in him, or he could not so long and successfully have maintained his sway. The close of his career was infinitely pathetic in itself. Commiseration, then, cannot but be supplemented with charitable consideration now—as to the man. His intense loyalty in factional party matters and his unswerving devotion to his followers constituted his finest characteristic.

The rise and fall of Platt illustrates strikingly the wholesome change in political conditions in this country. The last great figure of his type, bossism, as he exercised it, is of the past. It had its day, and an evil day it was. May its like never come again!

Opera Bouffe Warfare.

Nicaragua would form a theme for the comic opera writer at the present time. Here is a belligerent little country suffering from internal disorders, with no solution of the trouble in sight. Gen. Estrada, finding himself unable to reach Managua, the capital, where President Madrid rules, has declared for guerrilla warfare. The nation is small, but the interior is without roads and almost without paths, so that the army which crosses has to cut itself off from its base of supplies. This places it at such a disadvantage as to make success highly improbable.

With the loyalists in control at Managua and the revolutionists at Bluefields, there seems no hope of peace. The most likely solution will be the establishment of another republic in the eastern portion, with Estrada at the head.

With the dethronement of Zelaya's power came the belief that a stable government would be set up. This has been shattered by the more recent events. The rebels won some notable victories and asked for American intervention, but the State Department at Washington wanted a definite conclusion, and this was not forthcoming.

Prospects at the present time are for another little nation in Central America. If the new republic is firmly established on the Atlantic side, there may be temporary peace in Nicaragua; but, unfortunately, Honduras and Salvador are turbulent, and the soldier of fortune will find some other revolution in which to cast his fortunes.

There is scant hope for the Central American states until a man like Porfirio Diaz puts in his appearance and by sheer force crushes out all opposition. Call it tyranny, but it is effective, and the nation can prosper, something which the fighting republics of Central America have never done.

Uncle Sam has enough to keep him busy with conservation, postal savings, tariff, and other pieces of resistance, but it would be a blessing if the old chap would take a day off to spank some of his obnoxious little neighbors.

A Ministerial Diplomat.

The woman with the big hat has been eliminated as a disturbing factor in practically all public gatherings throughout this country save in the churches. There she still stands pat on her rights, and refuses to budge.

The matter has been handled through city ordinances in some sections of the land; by persuasive and pleading methods in others. Nowadays one never sees a big hat in a theater after the curtain has gone up. No woman would risk being made unduly conspicuous by the violation of a rule generally prevailing in all parts of the nation.

A Pennsylvania minister now seems to have hit upon a plan for dislodging the big hat from its final and isolated retreat—the church. In vain has he begged the gentler sex of his congregation to remove their hats during services; devoid of all effect has been his every protest. Hats, instead of disappearing or even growing smaller, have actually increased in size. Lovely woman, with that pervasiveness of disposition so frequently characterizing her, has in this Pennsylvania community, merely become more and

more stubborn. The minister cajoled, threatened, thundered, and demanded to have his way—but nothing came of it. Now it has been ordained and decreed that the sexes shall be separated in this church. The men must sit on one side, the women on the other. This gives the men a chance to see the preacher, and it leaves the women to fight it out among themselves, to the discomfort of no one else.

What a fine scheme! How curious that nobody ever thought of it before in this precise connection! It gives the women ample opportunity to display their hats in church; it fixes things so that they may be seen by the other women and also by the men, but not to the men's coincidental annoyance!

If women must wear big hats in church—as they surely should not, of course—let them flock to themselves a while and see how they like it.

For President—"Our Harry."

"Virginia's Great Men" is the caption of a ringing editorial in the Augusta County Argus. This molder of opinion and chronicler of fact issues forth from Staunton twice a week. Its motto, "Not just like the old red papers," is strikingly exemplified in its columns, at least in the number now at hand. Observant with an hundred eyes, it is blessed with knowledge and a long-range vision apparent at a glance.

Many great men have come out of Virginia. All of us know it, and are proud of it. In the language of the Argus, the Augusta County Argus, to be exact—"Past and present through all history no other State in the Union, no other land, in fact, has produced greater men than those born and reared in Virginia."

True, every word of it! Time and space forbidding adequate tribute to all of them, the Argus thus deals with four revered and honored names for purposes of illumination.

First: "Selected as an instance from the galaxy of those who have made for Virginia an honorable history we mention the name of Patrick Henry, whose impress upon the world has been such that memory of him will survive through all succeeding ages, and the world will never produce another to dim the luster of his immortal fame, and no day need be set apart on which to celebrate his natal hour and no towering shaft be builded to remind future generations of his life and life's work."

Second: "High embosomed on the pedestal of fame as jurist and United States Senator, our greatly beloved Virginian, John Warlick Daniel, who in the heyday of youth was a fiery prince in the storm of battle that was fought to secure for the Old Dominion a life separate from the old Union. In the quieter, but extremely responsible life that succeeded his military career, he never found failure in him, and when he shall finally have finished his life's work and the historians make record thereof there will have been in all recorded time but few characters that will parallel his in all that combines to the make-up of a perfect man."

Third: "Old Augusta County never has taken kindly to the thought that there was occasion for going outside its boundaries to represent it in the National House of Representatives, but it yielded to the powers that be, the result being that Appomattox had the honor some years of furnishing the Representative for the Tenth Congress district in the person of Henry Delaware Flood, who today stands as high in the councils of the nation as any of his distinguished associates there, and such is the confidence of Virginians in him that we bespeak a Senatorial tour in him when the hour for a bestowal of it on any other than the one it is now won by shall have arrived."

Fourth (fourth only in order of tribute set down): "But of all Virginians, second only to Patrick Henry is Harry Saint George Tucker, who towers high over all in every stricture that pertains to perfect, exalted Americanism, and who, to the mind of the writer, is more than peer of all his countrymen, of general and courtly bearing, with unexcelled mental acquisitions, matchless in oratory, of plain life, courteous to all, whatever their station. It is him, we name as the nation's next candidate for the Presidency of the United States; and somehow we feel that never again will that high office be held by a Democrat until so held by 'Our Harry.'"

Patrick Henry, John Warlick Daniel, "Hal" Flood, and "Our Harry!" But the Argus' purpose in selecting Henry "as an instance from the galaxy" was merely to make of him a text to emphasize the greatness of those who came after. So Patrick really does not count. It deals with animate subjects, with men of flesh and blood.

"It occurs to us," it says, "that if we have good to say of an individual the time for so saying is during the activities of his life here below; if flowers are to be bestowed, not wait to lay them on his pulseless clay."

Here is a sentiment to which every generous nature must heartily subscribe. And so the Argus bestows its flowers. In the side of its editorial board, Harry Saint George Tucker—"Our Harry"—leads all the rest. He "towers high over all"—higher than the Virginia Senator who combines all of the "make-up of a perfect man" and higher than Hal Flood, "who to-day stands as high in the councils of the nation as any of his distinguished associates therein." Tucker, indeed, is second only to Patrick Henry, and Patrick Henry is dead. Verily, the united Democracy now has opportunity to come into its own. It must have a giant. Judson Harmon and Champ Clark are fat-too fat and short entirely. "Our Harry" is a towering man. That is what the party needs. On with the campaign!

"Why spend money for an ocean voyage and a trip to London?" inquires the Milwaukee Sentinel. Why, indeed, gentle reader?

Young Mr. Rockefeller's ideas about spending his father's money compare most favorably with the ideas of some other rich men's sons.

Senator Gordon also has the unique distinction of having caused the utter exhaustion of one issue of the esteemed Congressional Record.

The more the investigation progresses, the more evident it becomes that some people are going to find themselves up a stump presently in the forest conservation row.

Mr. Rayner can fight the Nicaraguan revolutionists' battles for them on the floor of the United States Senate, but they will have to look out for themselves at home.

If the Philadelphia strap-hangers ever declare a sympathetic strike, those street car companies will come to time, all right, we imagine.

If Mr. Pinchot has any big and convincing exhibits of evidence to display, he should bring them forth. The country is not wavering in its belief that he is honest

and courageous, but there is an apparently growing sentiment that he has not quite made good, nevertheless.

A St. Louis butcher killed himself because of the meat boycott. The only fatality thus far recorded.

Taxical rates have been lowered in Cleveland, Ohio. Clevelandites of the consumer persuasion should remember that the next time the groceryman holds them up for an advance in four.

According to reports from France, the Seine spends most of its time nowadays rising again. The Seine must have fallen into the hands of some trust or other.

There is a growing suspicion abroad that not a few faces now in Congress are going to be somewhat conspicuous by their absence next year.

Complaint is made that Mr. Vertrees repeats the same thing over and over again in conducting his examination of witnesses in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. Mr. Vertrees should be careful. Some way may yet refer to him as one of the chestnut Vertrees.

A Georgia court recently decided that a woman will change her mind if she wants to—not that she has any right to, however, as some contemporaries state it. The court evidently desired to take no chances on that decision.

The only thing that is as cheap as ever is talk. "Hips are coming back." Where have they been? inquires the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. That is her business.

"The end of Jeff Davis is in sight," says the Memphis News-Scimitar. We are not so sure of that. The Hon. "Jeff" is a decidedly rotund sort of statesman.

Somebody is trying to frame up a "wet" and "dry" contest for Milwaukee. The "drys" have many well wishers, but the betting odds are still heavily the other way.

A fine get-away, March. Keep it up!

In Pennsylvania alone the coal trust is reported to employ 150 lawyers. This may explain the ever increasing price of coal.

Mr. Vanderman says he will have a third try for the Senate, and believes he will surely be elected next time. Mr. Vanderman evidently possesses much Bryan-esque optimism.

"Senator Kean will have to fight for re-election to the Senate," says a contemporary. In which event, the Senator probably will move an executive session.

The next time the Hon. "Jeff" Davis does one of his ground and lofty tumbling acts in the Senate, he should be sure the safety net is stretched rigidly and securely beneath.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

A Pointer for Senator Lodge.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
Senator Lodge will discover that flights of oratory will not assist him to the top of the hill.

Secret of John D. A. Wealth.
From the Detroit Times.
Maybe the fact that John D. Rockefeller's stomach permits him to eat little meat explains why he is so rich.

But He Just Smiles.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
It's enough to make a President grow gray with worry to have to meet Congressional and business bills.

Uncle Joe's Versatility.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Uncle Joe Cannon as a dancer is an unusual role. Ordinarily your uncle fiddles and lets the other fellow dance.

Use the Postal Savings Bank.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
People are beginning to wonder what the government will do with its money after Mr. Aldrich has taught it how to live on \$300,000,000 less a year.

Can You Blame Them?
From the Boston Transcript.
Congressman McCall wonders why so many artists jump at the chance to paint former Speakers. Possibly they want to get even with them for the tariff on words of art.

Not so in United States Senate.
From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.
Footed recently in the Oklahoma senate nearly caused a fight. Apparently the period of gentle education and pity for the verifiers has passed from the confines of that State.

An Extraordinary Lawmaker.
From the New York Tribune.
So Senator Gordon actually listened to the speeches which were made on bills and then voted according to his judgment, as it was influenced by the facts and arguments which he had heard. Truly, an extraordinary lawmaker!

President Taft Holds Record.
From the Boston Globe.
It is figured out that during the first year of his administration President Taft has traveled on an average more than fifty miles a day, including Sundays, and that he has made 36 speeches in thirty States and in two Territories and the District of Columbia. This beats all Presidential records.

A Contrast in Methods.
From the New York Sun.
Mr. Davis succeeded in demolishing himself. Mr. Pinchot cannot do that because public confidence in his sincerity and integrity will not be impaired in any great degree by the gradual change of opinion concerning his judgment and methods. He is an honest, honorable, and useful man, but mightily wrongheaded. These conserving gentlemen started out to tear up paving stones and upset wagons and build barnyards, but it is scarcely amounting to a revolution. In contrast with their performance, how magnanimous seems Mr. Taft's attitude, as disclosed in letters never intended for publication, and how sane and respectful is the President's simple and single requirement that conservation should proceed according to law!

LONDON BRIDGE.
Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp and sin,
Laughter, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along.
While below, the nightingale,
Sings them all a mocking song.

Hurry along,
Scow and scow,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.
Dainty, painted, powdered, and gay,
Relish my lady by;
Rags-and-latters, over the way,
Carries a heart as high.
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din through city skies,
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes—

Hurry along,
Scow and scow,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in tide of life,
Whether no man shall know,
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waits that drift to the shade or sun!
Gone away with their songs and sorrow:
Only the river still flows on.

—Webster.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CHOOSE PLEASANT THEME.
Poets ought to prate in spring
Of the trees,
Of the birds that gaily sing,
Or the bees.
Try to do the proper thing:
Aim to please.

Look for something nice to say;
Praise the buds;
Celebrate the girly's gay
And their duds;
Do not harp on cleaning day
With its suds.

Details Wanted.
"How did you win your wife?"
"Win my wife? How does any man win a wife?"
"There are various methods. I have seen wives that looked as if they might have been won in a raffle."

A Hopeless Case.
"He will never make a society reporter."
"Did he fall down on the assignment?"
"Fall down? He states that among those present were a duke, a count, and a few other titles."

We Wonder.
Will the early blossoms dot the lea
And birds sing,
Or will the season merely be
An almost-spring?

High Finance.
"When I'm broke I hit the free lunch."
"I have a better plan. About noontime I drop into some establishment and price automobiles. I've had some very fine meals bought for me this season."

Accelerating the Game.
"I will play bridge with you on condition that you adopt a certain rule."
"What is it?"
"The dealer must not tell anecdotes."

Those Foolish Questions.
"How did you get the black eyes?"
"It was caused by the hatrack."
"Accidentally?"
"No; I think it attacked me purposely."

CARVING UP CALIFORNIA.

Some Talk of Creating Another Pacific Coast State.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.
The proposed carving of another State out of Northern California and Southern Oregon has progressed so far that a convention has been called for March 15 to meet at Yreka, Cal., to discuss the question.

California is so big and it is unwieldy, or Oregon is not. The first could be cut in two, and each division would be one and a half times as large as New York. Why Oregon should be considered in the carving process is not plain. We question if Californians would ever consent to surrender the distinction of having the second State in size in the Union, and for that reason and in view of the absence of any convincing argument in favor of the division, it is extremely doubtful if the movement goes much beyond the convention stage.

It is true that California sprawls along the coast like some overgrown boy, having a length greater than the width of Texas. But it is this great area that helps to fill the residents with pride. They are unwilling to see San Francisco, with its great promise, or the southern part of the State, with its unsurpassed climate and fertility, taken out of the State. Therefore, the talked-of separation is apt to die a-borning. Oregon, which is about twice as large as New York, is not burdened with area, being ninth in size among the States and Territories. When the Yreka convention has adjourned, the talk of a new State will probably subside.

The Sunflower in Washington.

From the Kansas City Star.
Judge Leander Stillwell, of Erie, recently appointed first assistant commissioner of pensions in Washington, writes to a friend in Kansas: "The boys all tell me that I shall have to 'dress suit' that the game is absolutely over. In order to obtain the onrty to any important function here in Washington; that should I appear at a Presidential or other 'reception' clad in my present style my appearance would create as much confusion as if I had stalked in with nothing on but a nightgown. So far, however, I have successfully stood out, and a dress suit is not included in the list of my possessions. You have been in and around Topeka considerably in recent years, and I assume that you have seen a dress suit, but I never did until I came to Washington last November. To my mind the thing makes the ordinary fellow look like a cross between a pouter pigeon and a bullfrog. It may be that I shall have to hire one some time in order to pass the pearly gates of some of the powers that be, but I know when I put the toggery on I shall feel like entering different kinds of a fool, with Shiloh and Lincoln townships to hear from."

Finest Hemlock Forest.

From the New York Sun.
"Where would you look for the finest hemlock forest in the State if you were asked to find it?" queried a man in the Forest Service.
"Up in the Adirondacks, I suppose," in response of the others.
"Wrong," he said. "The right in this city, up in the Bronx Park. The grove of hemlocks there can't be beaten by anything in this State or perhaps in the country. Some of them have been there for centuries. When Jonas Brock bought up most of the country thereabouts in 1829 from the Indians he took precautions for the preservation of much of the forest land."

"There are some fine trees near the river that flows through the park just as impressive in their way as the downtown skyscrapers. One in particular is known as Delancey's Pine. It is 150 feet high. It is older than the republic we live in, but is one of the few Colonial landmarks that did not shelter Gen. Washington when he was trying to drive the British army from New York."

Our Bloody Code.
C. E. S. Wood, in Pacific Monthly.
It is not flattering to read that the United States has the bloodiest code in existence, and that Japan excels us in a wise treatment of crime. In that country, and in the Kingdom of the Netherlands, are made airy, light, wholesome, and the prisoners are given the tools of their trade and assisted in their work. If they are mere laborers and have no trade, they are taught one; the conception of these poor heathen being that if society can transform a criminal into a good citizen it is a good work, and that not every one sentenced to prison for some one act is inherently vicious. To one not sitting in darkness this really seems not a wiser, but a more Christian plan than ours of "once a criminal, always a criminal." We brutalize the jailer and the jailed. Under our system he who enters a prison gate leaves hope behind.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Forbidden Fruit.

The banana may be, as is believed by many people, the original forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden. This would materially enhance its general interest to man, if it were only known to be a fact. In any case, however, it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being neither a tree, nor a palm, nor an herb, nor a bush, nor a shrub, nor yet a vegetable, but merely an herbaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, there is no woody fiber in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are frequently heavier than the stalk that supports them. Given such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana yields forty-four times more by weight than the potato, and 133 times more than wheat. Another peculiar fact about the banana is that no insect will attack it, and that it is absolutely immune from the diseases that fruits are heir to.

Lost Mail Matter.

Every post-office in this country, and in every other country, as well, finds great difficulty in handling inadequately wrapped or addressed mail matter. This applies particularly to circulars and parcels sent through the mails in envelopes and wrappers that are not sufficiently heavy to resist the strain of being handled and delivered. The result of this carelessness in preparing matter for the mails is that much important stuff is so damaged in transit and handling that all efforts at deciphering the destination and making proper delivery are futile. Deluges of every post-office of any considerable size, but it is many times utterly impossible for any satisfactory action to be taken, even with the best of intentions. It would be well if people consigning important mail matter to the Post-office Department's hands would be more careful of their own interests as well as of those of the department. But, the department will always have officials to look after mutilated and undeliverable packages, to the best of their ability, and man will always be careless, more or less, in his common, everyday affairs; so what's the use?

A School of Courtesy.

It is announced that the Union Pacific Railroad is to have a school of courtesy, another step toward promoting good manners among its employees. This road, as others, has always enforced certain rules requiring polite treatment of passengers. Inspectors are constantly traveling over the lines of the larger railroads, eyes and ears alert, to learn how employees are behaving. The Erie Railroad has as a regular part of its time table a blank page that is reserved for comments, favorable or unfavorable, to the road, and passengers are urged to communicate with the management concerning their grievances. One effect of the high standard of deportment enforced on the railroads is seen in the extent to which women and children travel alone, with perfect freedom from fear, and with nearly as much comfort as may be enjoyed at home. The experience of a certain Western woman who was coming to New York for the first time is a good illustration in point: After leaving Buffalo, when the train stopped at a small station, her husband, who was accompanying her on the Eastern trip, alighted to walk up and down the platform, and somehow, the train pulled out, leaving him behind. The woman, left alone, was on the verge of a panic. Her husband had all the money; the train was due in New York after midnight; she did not know what hotel to go to, and, best of all, she could not well have found her way there. The conductor took her in charge, showed her to a good hotel, and had the bill guaranteed. When the husband arrived by a later train he was so grateful that he hunted up the conductor and presented to him a handsome ring.

By Private Car.

Traveling by private car, rented directly from the railroad company, costs about twenty-five full fares on the average. The minimum expense is probably twenty full fares, while the maximum cannot be told with any degree of accuracy. This preliminary outlay includes nothing further than the rent of the car. If the traveler wishes dining-car service, he must, of course, pay for the stocking of the car, &c. Everything considered, this method of traveling is the most expensive imaginable, yet there are large numbers of people that employ it. Some even own their own cars, and only pay the railroad companies a certain rate for the use of their tracks and locomotive power.

Comic Paper Humor.

From the Buffalo Express.
"You men say that women have no sense of humor," she began, "yet I saw a woman reading a comic paper only today."

"That proves the point," he asserted. And then he had to explain that.

SOME PLAYHOUSE PESTS.

One of the Worst Is She Who Wears Her Hat Until the Curtain Rises.

Glenns Chiles, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Why don't I remove my hat? Oh, I am in no hurry, so you needn't be. I'll remove it when I get around to it. There are a couple of peevish-looking old fossils back of me—selfish old bachelors, I'll wager—and they are beginning to squirm already. They think I intend to keep my hat on throughout the play, you know. Can't you see them wiggling in their seats?

How is that? You haven't eyes in the back of your head like some folks? Never mind that sarcasm, if you please, my dear! They think that all they've got to do is to squirm and wiggle and whisper audibly to each other about hats and things to make me take off my hat before I get ready to take it off. But, la, la, I'll fool them! It's all rank nonsense, anyhow, requiring women to remove their hats at the theater. It's just because men are too lazy to lean a little bit one side to see around a hat. If I had my way I'd mighty soon rescind that silly rule about women's hats in theaters.

How is that? Do I like to sit behind two or three big hats myself? Oh, you needn't try to pin me down. Anyhow, I'd never have to, for I'd see that you always got seats away down in front. Do you hear those old fogies back of us buzzing about my hat? Isn't it delightful! They are dying a slow death, I know. I just love to punish them, the selfish, stinging creatures!

Just look at them, loitering around in their seats, and neither one of them decent enough to bring a woman along with him! A woman has a pretty hard time of it these days trying to get a little amusement with such avaricious, all-for-themselves grouches to depend upon!

Listen! They're whispering about changing their seats on account of my hat. Isn't it perfectly lovely! Of course they haven't a chance in the world to change their seats, for the tickets are all sold. All that they can do is to sit behind me and squirm and growl till I get good and ready to take off my hat and it serves them perfectly good and right for being such horrid, selfish old things! How? They'll be leaning over and asking me to take off my hat in a minute? Well, I'd just like to see them!

Do you mean to say that you would permit that? Well, I declare! Some people are so spineless! Well, there goes the asbestos curtain up and I suppose the poor old buzzy things have listened long enough, so I'll take it off.

Listen to their sighs of relief! I wish now that I had kept it on until the curtain went up on the play!

SNAPSHOTS.

From the Dallas News.

A plot that will not thicken is too thin for any use.
When a man is said to be all right in his way he is usually in a bad way.

There are some who would rather play second fiddle than not make any noise at all.

The main reason a man is so ready to give his opinion is because there is no sale for it.

The best reports a boy ever brings home from school are verbal ones designed by himself.

Eggs are eggs, of course; but some are to be revered more than others, because of their age.

Sometimes it looks as if the bigger fool a man is the more anxious he is to be considered a wise guy.

It has just about gotten so in this country that a girl would rather be disappointed in love than in a new dress.

Yes, Sarah, it is unlawful in Texas to eat poached eggs; but you may eat poached eggs if you have feathered your nest.

One of the hardest things in this world for a woman to do is to have all the money she needs without having more than is good for her.

When a girl doubts if she is good enough for the young man she is going to marry it is a sign that she doesn't know much about him.

The way girls squander time is awful. Some of them throw away as many hours in primping as their brothers use up in waiting for shaves at a barber shop.

A Great Idea.

From the Chicago Evening Post.
"Why do you have those stout rubber bands about the bills of all your hens?" we ask.
"Keep 'em from cackling," answers our friend, the hen-and-eggery owner. "When they find they can't cackle they think they were mistaken and lay another egg."

The Sense of Economy.

From the Baltimore American.
"Why does a dog chase his tail?"
"Because he wants to make both ends meet."

AT THE HOTELS.

"The list of jobs for which the student at Harvard or any other big university may apply for covers almost the whole category of human activities," said Sturgis J. Jennings, of Boston, who is an old New Willard. Mr. Jennings is an old university man himself, fond of all sorts of athletics, and came to Washington to witness the Georgetown indoor meet at Convention Hall Saturday night.

"A student may earn money through being a bell boy, singer, secretary, stenographer,